

Maggie Blough
Henry Blough

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIII. No. 5.]

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

[MAY, 1872.]



BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY M. L. M.



out Tom, as the little girl appeared in the back yard

JENNY ALDEN shut the gate, and walked slowly up to the house. "Good-by, Jenny; don't tell, will you?" called a little voice from the other side of the fence.

"Not a soul, Bessie, positively and truly, black and blue; good-by."

"Hullo! what's that you are positively and truly not going to tell, Jenny?" called

a few minutes afterwards, to get some chips for her mother.

"O Tom," said Jenny, seating herself on a log where Tom was splitting kindlings for the morning, "I do wish I was rich."

"Whew! who don't? I guess I'd let somebody else split my wood if that was my case. Why, Jenny, have you broken out with that fever? I didn't think you were in danger."

"Tom, how you talk! I did not say I was sick; I only said I wished I was rich."

"All the same, Jenny; wishing is the first symptom of the fever. Run in with the chips, and then come back and tell me what has brought it on."

Tom chopped away steadily with the axe, while

Jenny went in with her apron full. She soon appeared, munching an apple, and sitting down on the end of a board she continued:—

"You see, Tom, it's just this: Christmas is coming,"—

"So's Fast Day," added Tom.

"Now, Tom, don't interrupt. As I said, Christmas is coming, and I want to give everybody a present—I mean all my friends, you know."

"Just so," said Tom; "am I a friend, or only a relative?"

"And that's why I wish I was rich, Tom, for you see I haven't got but twenty-five cents in the world, except the silver half-dollar father gave me the last Christmas before he died, and that I mean to keep always, forever and ever, as long as I live."

"So she shall," said Tom encouragingly.

"Well, what shall I do, Tom? All the girls at school are talking about it, and telling what they are going to do. Bessie Grey told me just now,—O I forgot; I said I wouldn't tell. Well, Fanny Stevens is embroidering a pair of slippers for her brother that will cost ever so much, and doing lots of other things. Lou Wilder is going to make her father a smoking-cap, and dress the cunningest little doll for Susy, and make her mother a sewing-apron, and O, I can't begin to tell you the things they are all doing. But here I am, not doing a thing, for you know, Tom, I have to help mother out of school, and besides I've no money to buy anything with. Dear me!" And Jenny stopped swinging her feet, and heaved a deep sigh.

"'Tis a pretty bad state of things, Jenny, I declare," said Tom, rubbing his chin sympathizingly; "I don't wonder you were taken with the fever."

"Now, Tom, don't go to telling mother that I've got a fever—I haven't a bit; feel of my hand, how cold it is."

"O," said Tom, "I only mean that you have a touch of the same fever that took so many to California—you want to be rich, you know."

"Come, children! supper is ready," called the cheery voice of the mother. Tom clinched his axe in a great log, and followed Jenny into the house. There sat Willie in his high chair, pounding on the table with spoon and dipper. It was a warm, cosy room, and the table looked very inviting to the hungry children.

Mrs. Alden always meant to make home look pleasant, even though she could not afford luxuries. With the strictest economy she managed to make everything about the house comfortable, so that, until now, Jenny had scarcely thought that they were not rich.

"How good these biscuits are, mother; and this milk is delicious," said Jenny, who had an appetite right from school.

"Mine's the doodest," said Willie, who had succeeded in finding the bottom of his mug, after five minutes' diving with his nose.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," sang Tom, nodding his head to Willie and Jenny alternately. "Only think, mother, Jenny wishes she was rich!"

"O well, mother, I was only thinking how I

should like to be able to give Christmas presents to everybody I love."

"Would you like to *earn* a little money, all by yourself, my dear?"

"O, mother, yes; can I?" said Jenny eagerly.

"How? Do tell me — can I begin to-night?"

"Whoa, whoa!" said Tom.

"Wait till morning I guess, Jenny, but listen to me," said her mother.

"This afternoon, as I sat here sewing, who should I see coming up to the house but Mrs. Raymond, our rich neighbor across the street. I wondered what it could mean, but of course I invited her in, and she came. Her husband, she said, was very sick, and wanted her with him constantly, so that Jamie, her little boy, was left entirely to the care of the servants. But Nanny, the young girl who took care of him, had been called home by the death of a sister, and would be away probably for a week. She said she had often noticed you with Willie, and she had come over to know if I could spare you for a few days to take care of Jamie. She said you might come home every night as soon as he went to bed. She knew she was asking a good deal, but being a neighbor, and liking the looks of my little girl, she had ventured to ask the favor."

"O mother," said Jenny, who had eagerly listened to every word, "did you tell her I would go? May I go, mother? It's just the thing — two weeks before Christmas — goody! goody!" and Jenny clapped her hands, danced out of her chair, gave Willie a great hug, pulled the cat's tail, and didn't know what to do with herself, for joy.

Little sleep for Jenny that night. She lay awake a long time, planning what she would do with the money that was going to be all her own.

She decided upon a comforter for Tom. His old one was too shabby for Sundays. Her mother should have a nice pair of warm, fleece-lined gloves, and Willie a little cart full of candy. O how delightful! And perhaps she should even have enough to buy a bright ribbon for her special friend, Bessie Grey. She and Bessie had promised to love each other till they were old women, and to tell each other all their secrets. The happy child went to sleep at last, and dreamed that Santa Claus asked her to ride on his back and help him distribute his presents, and she woke up laughing, because she had just tumbled off with her hands full of dolls and horses. After breakfast, dressed in her new plaid frock and white apron, Jenny said good-by to her mother, and started off, as she said, "to earn her living." She wanted to go, and yet it must be confessed, though she wouldn't own it to Tom, her heart did go pit-a-pat as she stood knocking at the door of the great grand house.

But Mrs. Raymond's kindly welcome put her at ease, and Jamie ran to her in a few minutes as if he had always known her, for Jenny was skilled in the art of coaxing. Mrs. Raymond felt relieved at once, gave her sundry charges about him, and then left the nursery for the sick room.

[To be continued.]

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, MAY, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

BY THE SEASIDE.



QUIET and peaceful, — so the sea looks in the pretty picture on the first page. Mamma and Janette are sitting on a great rock waiting for papa to come home. He went out in his boat in the morning, and now it is time for him to return. I do not see any boat on the water, do you? But I do not doubt but it will come in before the sun goes down, and how happy Janette will be then!

Looking at this picture reminds me of Jesus. Do

you not remember how many times He sat by the sea-side? I suppose you wonder why He was there so much. One reason was that four of his disciples were fishermen, was it not? In the first verse of the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we are told that "Jesus went out of the house, and sat by the sea-side." If we read a little further, we can see why He sat there.

Would you not like to look through the Bible to see what is said about the sea? You will not forget to read the one hundred and seventh Psalm, where it speaks of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." David says, "These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders."

Were you ever on the sea in a storm? I was once. All day long the waves dashed against the great vessel, and made it seem as if we could never get to land. But it was not one day only that the waves drove our vessel about. Every day for a week it was just the same, until everybody was tired of so much rolling and pitching about. We felt that a man had very little power, and could not do much for his own safety in such a storm.

You remember that Jesus was once on the sea in a storm, and when every one else was frightened He said to the waves, "Peace, be still!" and suddenly there was a great calm. No wonder the people in the ship were astonished. Any of us who has seen the sea in a storm would be astonished at such a thing. That Christ did this shows that He was more than a man, and beautifully exhibits his love for, and providential care of his disciples. It encourages us to think that He will take care of us just as He did of them.

These are some of the thoughts that come to my mind as I look at the quiet and peaceful scene on the first page of this paper.

Now that I have mentioned some verses that speak of the sea, I wish my reader would tell me of others. You may write them out plainly, and send them to me. I would like to print them in our paper.

NEXT month I intend to give you a picture illustrating a Bible scene. I do not intend to tell what it represents, but to let you all see if you can tell me.

SOME of the readers of this paper have tried to get subscribers for the BANNER, and they have been paid a commission in money for doing it. I should like a boy or girl in every town to do this. If you wish to try it, ask your pastor to recommend you for the work.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL in Providence has given the American Tract Society forty dollars to help weak schools in the South, and we have sent our papers to many who could not buy them. Who will give us some more money for this purpose?

A RUINED THEATRE.



RUINS are generally interesting, but there is a more than ordinary interest in these, because they are associated with the Apostle Paul, and with a notable incident in his life.

This is the largest structure of the kind now to be seen. It is in Ephesus, and you can read about an event that occurred there, in the nineteenth chapter of Acts.

There was a great excitement in the city. Demetrius, the silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana, made the people angry by telling them that if Paul was allowed to preach he would lead many to stop worshipping idols, and that would interfere with the Ephesian trade. Diana was a goddess that the Ephesians thought very much of, and they had erected a splendid temple to her.

Led on by Demetrius they caught two of Paul's companions, and dragged them to the theatre. The crowd rushed in also, and the confusion was so

great that most of them did not know why they came. They had been crying very loudly, outside, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and knew, probably, that the trouble was in some way connected with the goddess; and so when they came inside they made the same cry "for the space of two hours," the Bible says.

Just think of the confusion! It was no wonder that the town clerk was obliged to go there, and try to make them quiet. He told them in effect that the gathering was riotous, and that they were in danger of being called to account for it, especially as he seemed to think

they could not give a very good reason for the "day's uproar."

As we look down upon the great inclosure with its stone seats, we can imagine the scene of eighteen hundred years ago. It makes the Bible more vivid to me, more real, to look at these old ruins. Now let us take a map of Asia Minor, and this picture, and read the account in Acts.

L.

• RUINS OF A THEATRE.

BOYS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



COME as learners, ready to receive all the good that teachers strive to bring to you. Come with the lesson well studied. Take the right kind of pride in learning all you can of the lesson before you.

Use your thinking powers. Ask questions, and pray first of all for wisdom and light. Come with politeness and gentleness. Don't be afraid to show affection and respect to the teachers who led you so well. Come to help them, by attention and goodness. Come to do all you can for your class and the

school. Build them up by one good, stout example of what a boy can do.

Come with the remembrance of your teacher's care for you. Remember that he or she is *working* and *praying* for you. That every day you are filling the thoughts of the teacher: that *you* can make the work a delight to him. It is *you* who can inspire him with constant love and zeal. Come, above all, to give your heart to Christ, in earnest study and worship, and O, the gladness and peace that will fill up your manhood you cannot now conceive. Come nobly, boys, with the firm hearts that God can give you. Come as a blessing to *help* all who are trying to be good. Let your influence be for **RIGHT**.

BATCHELDER.

A GREAT CHURCH.



YOU have often heard of the great city of Rome, in Italy, where the Pope lives; but I do not think you have any idea how many beautiful churches it contains. Would you believe it? there are more than three hundred regular churches, besides many others which are called Basilicas.

The grandest of all is St. Peter's Church, which,

although several times rebuilt, was begun A. D. 90, and the present structure was founded A. D. 1450, or forty-two years before America was discovered!

It is such an immense building that several houses placed one upon another could stand under the roof; and yet each part is so beautifully proportioned that when one first enters it does not seem large at all, and it is only by studying the different objects within that one can realize its enormous size.

On either side of the building are rows of chapels, each one like a little church in itself; and I wish you could see all the lovely paintings and marble statues everywhere to be seen.

I think, however, that you would most admire the beautiful dome, or arched roof, rising from the centre of the building to the height of four hundred and five feet, all decorated as it is with the figures of the Evangelists in mosaic. But perhaps you do not know what pictures in mosaic are, so I will tell you. They are formed of small pieces of different colored stones, so beautifully joined together as to look like exquisite paintings.

It is very interesting to visit the manufactory where these pictures are made; and you may know how precious they are, when you learn that 10,000 different colored enamels are kept for the use of the workmen; and that some of the largest mosaic pictures have cost from twelve to twenty years of labor.

In one portion of this wonderful church is the chair of St. Peter, held in very great reverence, because the bronze of which it is made, is said to cover the very one in which St. Peter himself used to sit: and in another part of the building is the statue of the Apostle, the foot of which has been so often kissed by the devout, that the poor toes are greatly worn away.

It seems to me that children would most of all enjoy a visit to St. Peter's on one of the great celebration days, like Easter Sunday, when the whole outside of the building is decorated with lanterns. At dusk, 59,000 lighted lamps appear as if by magic, shining clear and bright with a silver flame; and at 8 o'clock in the evening, these give place to 900 golden lights, which cause the whole church to look like a fairy palace of enchantment.

In this country we have no such enormous churches in which to worship God; but He who

looks at the heart listens to our prayers just the same, in however lowly a building we offer them up to Him; and if we really desire our Heavenly Father's blessing, we must pray to Him sincerely, and in faith, believing that He is actually present, and can grant us all our desires.

Cousin MARY.

"THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME."

BY CHARLOTTE GREY.



NELLIE RUSSELL had been in a state of indecision all day. Her mother's birthday was close at hand, and as yet the important question, what should be her present, was unanswered. It was not merely a matter of taste with Nellie, for had she been the possessor of a well-filled purse, not half an hour need have been spent in weighing the grave question. In the present low state of her funds, however, Nellie felt compelled to exercise the strictest economy, and it was this particular item that caused all her perplexity.

Tidies, cushions, and mats had each taken their turn in the list of gifts; a year ago great difficulty had been found in selecting the one article suitable in every point of view, and now the case seemed

will be difficult to find a more beautiful one than this: and the lovely Christian girl read, in a voice that showed she fully felt its meaning, this verse from the fortieth Psalm: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." "O! that verse will do as well as any; just about the right length, and besides, I can use yours for a pattern." Poor Nellie! all verses were alike to her.

On her way home she purchased all articles necessary for her work, that no time should be lost before beginning. The next day found Nellie busy with silks and cardboard, eager to make the greatest progress possible, for the birthday was slowly marching towards her, and she thought half the satisfaction would be taken away if her gift were to be presented in an unfinished state.

As Miss Wilson had said, she found it only a pleasure to weave in and out the gay-colored threads, and watch the letters one by one spring into form before her. And as she sat alone in her room, with no one to speak to her, these words seemed to become living tongues, and address her with a language all their own. Poor and needy! Certainly she wasn't rich; that fact had been only too well impressed upon her mind by her late vexation. But was not this David's utterance, and was not he abundantly blessed with this world's goods? A vague thought came over her that poverty of the soul might have caused this confession, but just then such a beautiful vine was being wrought from the green and scarlet silks, that all her attention was

absorbed in admiring it. Busily she worked, and as the needle went in and out with every stitch, she seemed to imprint deeper and deeper upon her heart the words of her text, "The Lord thinketh upon me." This was no new truth; she had learned it long ago in the "Thou God seest me" of her baby days; but now it came to her with a much fuller import than ever before. She knew she wasn't a Christian, but—just then another Bible verse flashed through her mind. "God is angry with the wicked every day." What a terrible thought; an angry God thinking upon her. She could no longer endure the silence of the room, and the murmuring of that unwelcome voice in her ear: so she put away her work, hoping with change of employment to find rest for her body, and far more for her mind.

Yet still, everywhere she went, those thoughts followed her, until she seemed to feel herself the only being in the world, with the eye of an angry God fixed upon her. At last, burdened with sin and sorrow, she confided to her mother all her trouble, earnestly seeking some way of relief for her guilty soul. The God who had appeared so terrible to her, was pointed out as the dying Saviour, crucified that such as she might find pardon for sin: the many and loving promises were gently repeated in her ear, until with prayer and repentance she was led to give herself to Him who has promised to cast none like her away.

Birthday gifts now seemed but of little importance compared to the great joy which had entered that household. This text, treated at first with such indifference, had been, in the Wisdom of God, the "Sword of the Spirit" to Nellie's soul; and meditating with gratitude upon the way in which she had been led, she softly repeated to herself the lines of that familiar hymn,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

FOR THE BOYS.—"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see you."

"Yes, there was; I was there myself, and I don't ever intend to see myself doing a mean thing."

Noble words! Let every boy adopt and practice the sentiment.



A GREAT CHURCH.

hopeless. Of course it would be highly improper to ask her mother to suggest anything, and in her extremity Nellie's thoughts wandered to Miss Wilson, who, next to her mother, was regarded as her "friend in need."

Anxious to set her mind at rest that very night, not many minutes elapsed, after this way of escape from her trouble appeared, before her scarlet hood was seen hurrying along the street, and at last entering Miss Wilson's home. On this occasion Nellie found no cause to change the high opinion already formed of her friend's power of assistance; for no sooner had she made known her errand, than Miss Wilson's face so suddenly brightened, that Nellie at once felt assured she had thought of just the thing. She was left alone for an instant while her friend disappeared from the room, and immediately returned, bringing a neat and simple frame containing a motto. This motto was embroidered in many bright-colored silks upon perforated cardboard, in imitation of the beautiful illuminations so frequently seen upon the walls of our homes and chapels.

"Nellie, how do you think your mother would like something of this kind? The cost of the materials is small, and the work of making would be only a pleasure to one so skillful as you." "It will make the prettiest present in the world," cried Nellie, delighted; "and I know mamma will like it so much." "You can, of course, use any sentence you choose," added Miss Wilson; "although I think it

